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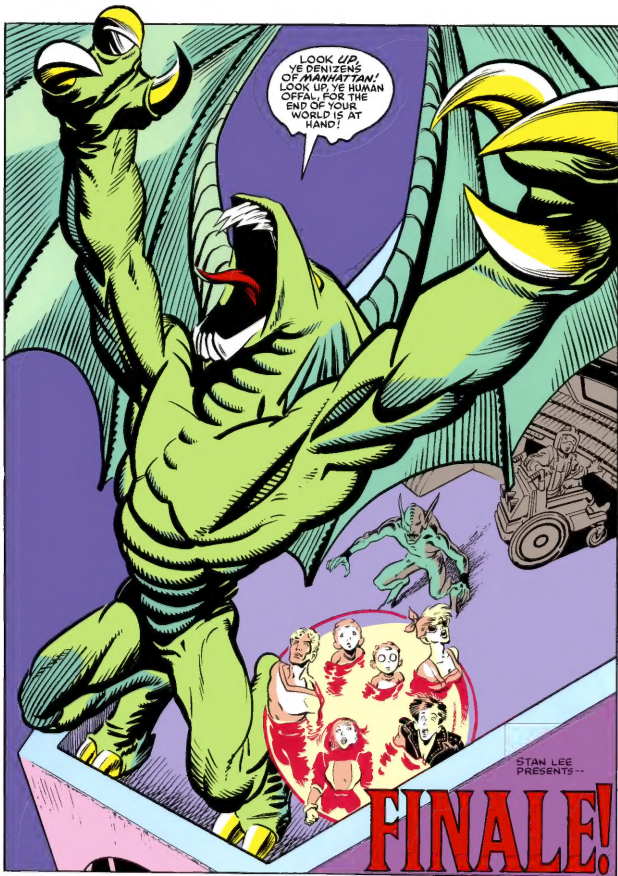
FINAL ISSUE!
GUEST STARRING THE
NEW MUTANTS!

TERMINATORS

1 **TERMINATOR**
CONTINUES



BOGDANOV
MILGROM



LOUISE SIMONSON WRITER JON BOGDANOVE PENCILER AL MILGROM INKER JOE ROSEN LETTERER PETRA SCOTESI COLORIST BOB HARRAS EDITOR TOM DEFALCO EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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42ND STREET, TIMES SQUARE,
THE THEATER DISTRICT.

THEATER OF AN UNHOLY WAR
WITH LINES OF BATTLE... AN
INVERTED PENTAGRAM...
SLASHED IN SILVER IN THE SKY.

AT THE POINTS OF
THE PENTAGRAM,
MUTANT INVENTS
FLOAT SUSPENDED
LENSES FOR COM-
PUTERIZED SPELLS,
WROUGHT BY A
TACTICAL, MAGICAL
WEAPON.

AND I, N'ASTIRH,
HAVE DELIVERED
YOU INTO THE HANDS
OF DEMONS!

ASSAULTED BY MAGIC,
THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER
THINS. WITH A RUSH OF
SULFUR, A GREAT PORTAL
SLAMS OPEN.

AIRBORNE DIVISIONS
SURGE THROUGH ON
BEATING WINGS. THE
INFANTRY ON CLOVEN
HOOF AND CLAW.

TIMES SQUARE IS, NOW,
A NO-MAN'S LAND,
ENBATTLED GROUND IN
A HIGH-TECH, PUSH-
BUTTON WAR.





LOOK WHAT'S FALLING FROM THE DISC!!!

KIDS... LIKE US!

NOT MUCH LIKE US! ONE OF THEM'S BLACK AND CRACKLES WITH POWER.

HEY, LOOK! THAT GIRL HAS HORNS... AND TAIL! KIDS DON'T HAVE TAILS!

DEMONS! THEY MUST BE DEMON KIDS!

NO... THEY ARE HUMANS, MUTANTS LIKE YOURSELVES...

...BORN WITH THE ALTERED GENETIC STRUCTURE THAT GIVES RISE TO PARA-HUMAN ABILITIES.

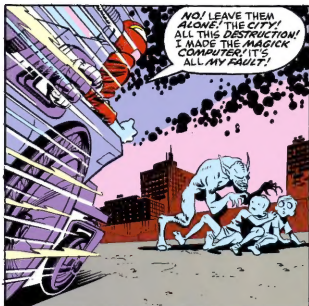
THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE NEW MUTANTS, AND LIKE YOU, ARE HERE AT MY BEHEST.

BUT, MAWTHTER, YOUR GREAT PLAN COMES TO FRUITION BECAUSE OF LOYAL CROTUS' HELP.

AS I PROMISED, LOYAL CROTUS, THEY ARE YOURS.

WILL YOU NOT GIVE POOR, HUNGRY CROTUS LITTLE MUTANT CHILDREN TO EAT?





NO! LEAVE THEM ALONE! THE CITY! ALL THIS DESTRUCTION! I MADE THE MAGICCK COMPUTER! IT'S ALL MY FAULT!



YOU SAID IT WOULD SAVE THEM!



BUT WHAT I CREATED...

...I CAN DESTROY!

MAWTHTER, STOP HIM!



YOU ACTUALLY MEAN TO DESTROY YOUR HANDIWORK... THIS MASTERPIECE THAT YOU'VE CREATED FOR ME?

YOU BET I DO! YOU LIED TO ME! YOU TRICKED ME.



YOU SAID IF I COOPERATED, THEY'D BE SAFE. YOU NEVER TOLD ME WHAT YOU WANTED THE COMPUTER FOR.

FOOLISH CHILD. LEARN FROM THIS THAT A DEMON'S WORD IS NEVER TO BE TRUSTED.

HE CONTINUES TO BE OF USE TO ME, CROTUS.

GUARD HIM... AND THROUGH HIM, THE POWER THAT HE REPRESENTS.



YOU MAY DEVOUR THE LITTLE MUTANTS WHEN OUR WORK HERE IS DONE!

MY FAULT... ALL MY FAULT.

THUD!



YOU TAKE TOO MUCH ON YOURSELF, BOY.

THAT DEMON-BEAUTY DOWN BELOW... THE DARKCHILDE... IS AS MUCH MY DUPE... MY UNWITTING TOOL... AS YOU ARE...

...AND DESERVES AS MUCH CREDIT.

SHE HAS FULFILLED HER FUNCTION AS YOU HAVE FULFILLED YOURS, I MUST CONGRATULATE HER...!

DEMON KIDNAPINGS WERE BAD ENOUGH...

... BUT THIS IS WORSE THAN EVEN I COULD HAVE IMAGINED.

THERE'RE BABIES UP THERE!

WE'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS... BUT HOW?

NO WAY YOU CAN STOP IT.

LORD N'ASTIRH'S INFANTS FLOAT IN SKY ABOVE...

...WHILE BELOW, COMPUTER CONTINUES TO PROCESS MAGIC SPELLS THAT KEEP PORTAL OPEN...

...AND LIMBO'S DEMONS RAIN DOWN ON EARTH.

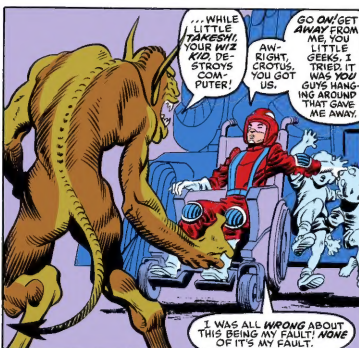


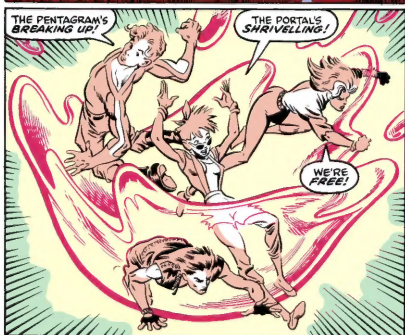
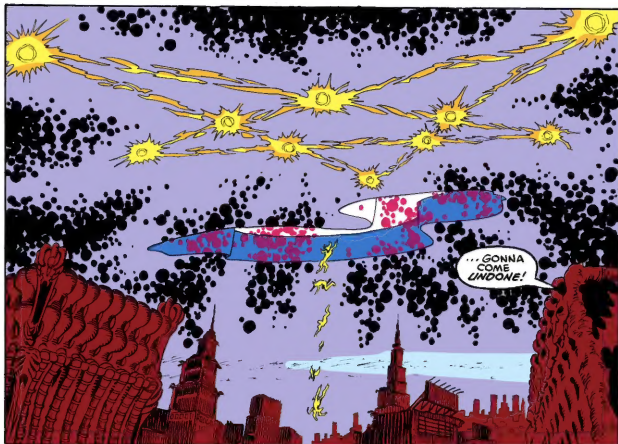
"COMPUTER WAS CROTUS'S IDEA... CROTUS'S BRILLIANT PLAN. IT WON CROTUS HIS REWARD... THE LITTLE MUTANT CHILDREN...

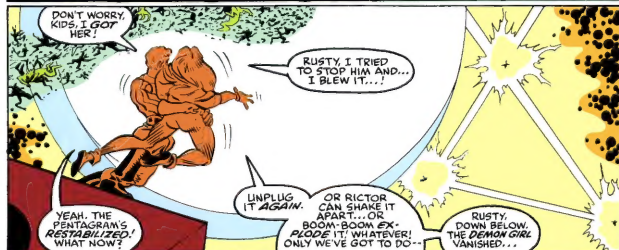
"...AND WON LORD N'ASTIRH, CROTUS'S MAWTHTER, GREAT OPPORTUNITIES FOR CONQUEST... OF THIS WORLD AND OF BEAUTIFUL DARK-CHILDE..."

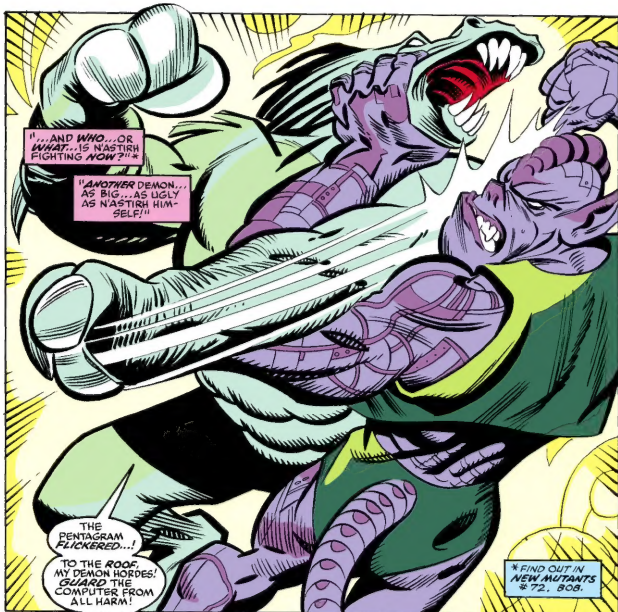
YOU USED ME, N'ASTIRH! TO TAKE UP MY DARK SWORD... TO RIP THAT HOLE IN THE SKY, TO SAVE MY FRIENDS!

BUT YOU PLANNED AN INVASION. YOU LIED TO ME!

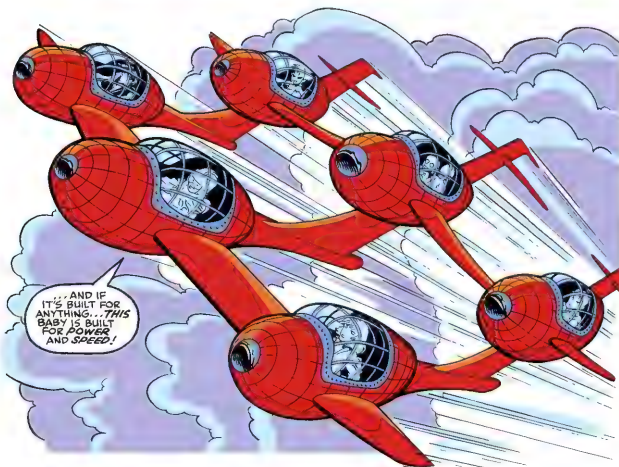
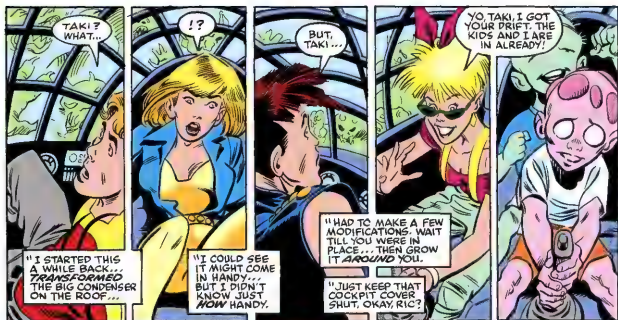














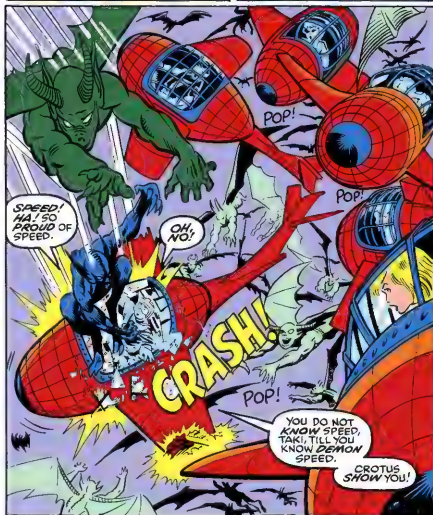
THEY GET AWAY! AFTER THEM, FOOLS!

BUT MASTER SAY PROTECT COMPUTER. MASTER NOT SAY CHASE THEM!



GREAT, THEN YOU TELL MAWHTER IT YOUR IDEA TO LET THEM GET AWAY!

AFTER THEM!



SPEED! HA! SO PROUD OF SPEED.

OH, NO!

CRASH!

YOU DO NOT KNOW SPEED, TAKI, TELL YOU KNOW DEMON SPEED.

CROTUS SHOW YOU!



IT'S A BREAKAWAY SHIP... WITH POWER FROM THE TIME BOMB DISTRIBUTED EVENLY AS FUEL...

I DESIGNED IT THAT WAY!

FLY YOUR OWN!



THE STICK CONTROLS THE MOVEMENT, UP, DOWN, TO EITHER SIDE.

LIKE A VIDEO GAME!

HEY... WHERE'S THE FIRE BUTTON? NO FIRE BUTTON! TAKI FIGURED WE'D JUST USE OUR POWERS, SWELL.

GREAT IDEAS... ONLY... HOW ARE WE GOING TO USE OUR POWERS...

...WITHOUT SHAKING OR BURNING OR EXPLODING THESE THINGS ALL TO PIECES?

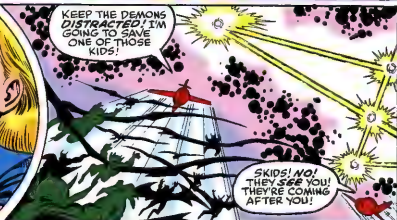
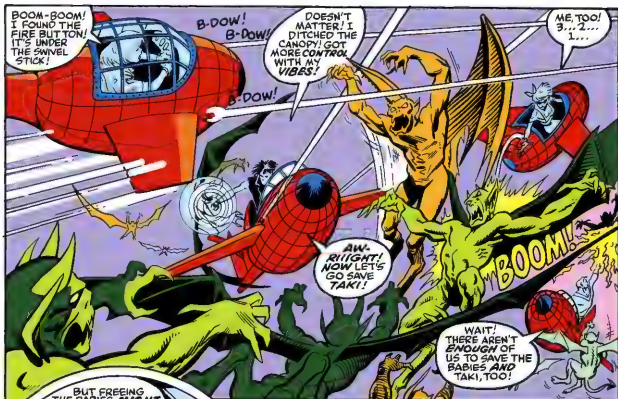


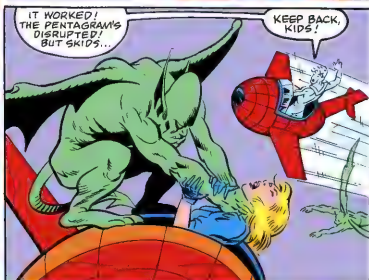
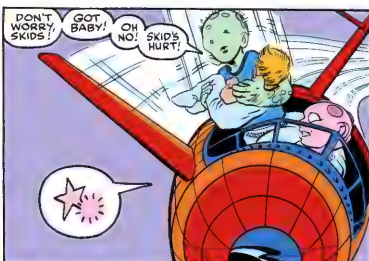
MAWHTER... BOY TRY TO ESCAPE, BUT CROTUS CATCH HIM! BRING HIM TO YOU!

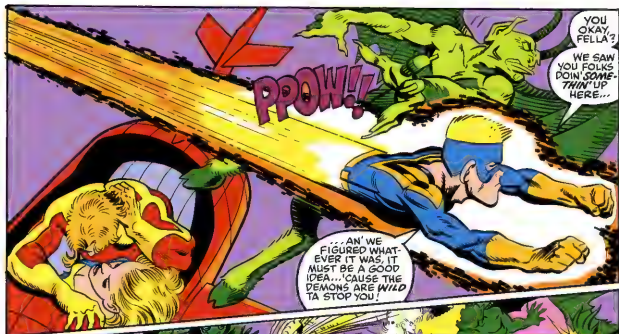
EXCELLENT CROTUS. THIS BOY IS MY SECRET WEAPON.

YEAH--? WHAT'S A HUMAN CHILD AGAINST S'YM'S DEMON HORDE... AND AGAINST S'YM'S POWER?









PPPOW!!

YOU
OKAY,
FELLA?
WE SAW
YOU FOLKS
DOIN' SOME-
THIN' UP
HERE...

...AN' WE
FIGURED WHAT-
EVER IT WAS, IT
MUST BE A GOOD
IDEA... CAUSE THE
DEMONS ARE **WILD**
TA STOP YOU!



CANNONBALL,
LOOK, THERE ARE
BABIES AT THE
POINTS OF THE
STAR.

SO THAT
IS WHAT THEY
ARE DOING!
SELFRIENDS,
THEY ARE SAVING
BABIES!

AND, WHERE BABY
WAS **REMOVED**,
PENTAGRAM IS
BREAKING UP!

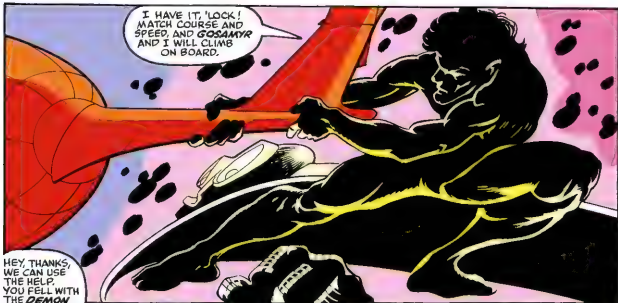


THESE TWO
ARE UNCON-
SCIOUS!
DROP ME OFF,
WARLOCK!

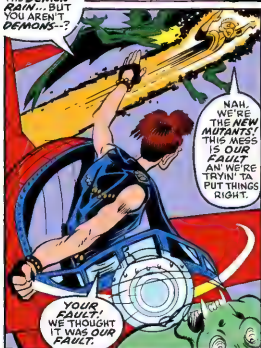
OMIGOSH! THAT
SHIP IS SPINNING
OUT OF CONTROL!
A CRASH COULD CAUSE
UNTOLD DAMAGE.

WARLOCK,
CAN YOU
GET US UP
THERE?

SELFRIENDS UNSPOT,
IT WOULD BE SELF'S
PLEASURE.



HEY THANKS, WE CAN USE THE HELP YOU FELL WITH THE DEMON RAIN... BUT YOU AREN'T DEMONS--?





YOU SEEK TO TRANSFORM YOUR CHAIR? YOU SEEK TO ESCAPE *ME*?

BOY, THERE IS NO LONGER TIME FOR THE LUXURY OF GENTLE PERSUASION!

NOW DO AS I SAY!

NO! YOU CAN CRUSH ME, BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE ME OBEY...!



HA! SO MUCH FOR YOUR SECRET WEAPON.

BUT SYM HAS HIS OWN. THE TRANSMODE VIRUS WHICH INFECTS SYM GIVES HIM CERTAIN ADVANTAGES, NASTIRH.

AWK!

ADVANTAGES WHICH YOU TEND TO DISCOUNT.

AT SYM'S WILL, AT SYM'S MEREST TOUCH...



...YOU WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO A *THING* OF WIRES AND CIRCUITS...

...AND THEN OF LIVING ENERGY... WHICH SYM WILL CONSUME!



BUT FIRST YOU MUST TOUCH ME! AND THAT WILL NOT BE EASY!

MY OWN TOUCH HAS CERTAIN PROPERTIES...

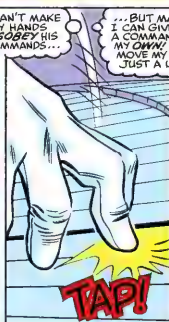
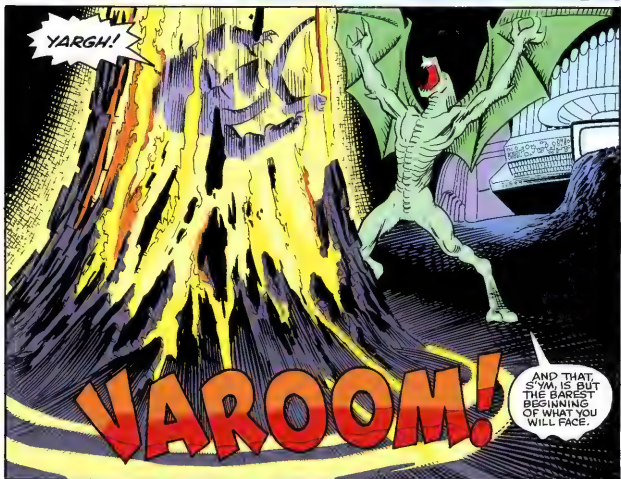


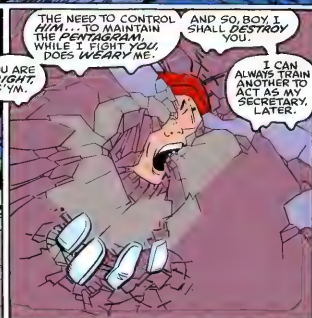
...WHICH, HERETOFORE, I HAVE AVOIDED EXPLOITING.

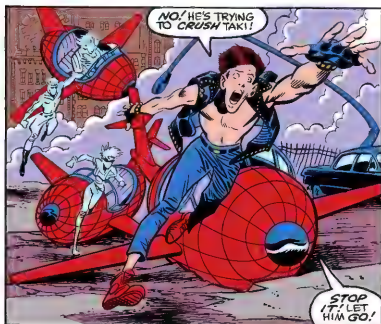
BUT THE TIME FOR CONCERN OVER THE MINIMAL DYSFUNCTION THIS SPELL WILL CAUSE HAS CEASED.

I HAVE THE COMPUTER, BOY, AND YOUR ABILITY TO FUNCTION IS NO LONGER A PRIME CONCERN.

NOW TYPE WHAT I COMMAND, BOY! A FEW SIMPLE SPELLS, SQUARED AND SQUARED AGAIN, WILL INSURE MY ULTIMATE TRIUMPH!







NO! HE'S TRYING TO CRUSH TAKI!

STOP IT! LET HIM GO!



GET HIM! STOP THEM ALL!



LOOK UP IN THE SKY, N'ASTIRH. YOUR PENTAGRAM IS CRUMBLING! AND YOUR POWER WITH IT!

WHAM!

MY MAGIC DISSIPATES AS THE PENTAGRAM VANISHES...

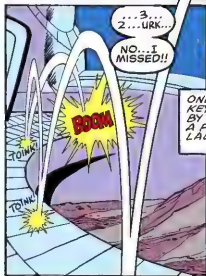
...WHILE S'YM IS MORE POWERFUL THAN I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT. ALMOST AS STRONG AND IMPERVIOUS IN HIS WAY, AS I AM, MYSELF!



THERE'S TOO MANY!

BOOM-BOOM! TRY FOR THE COMPUTER! BLOW IT UP!

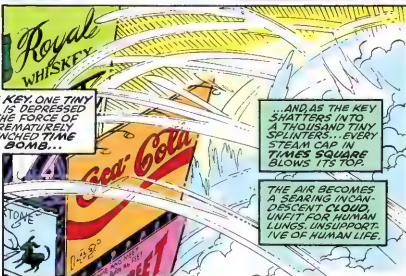
YEAH... URK...



...3...
2...URK...

NO... I MISSED!!

BOOM



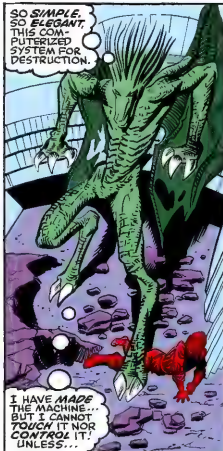
Royal WHISKEY

ONE KEY, ONE TINY KEY, IS DEPREESSED BY THE FORCE OF A PREMATURELY LAUNCHED TIME BOMB...

Coca-Cola

...AND AS THE KEY SHATTERS INTO A THOUSAND TINY SPLINTERS... EVERY STEAM CAP IN TIMES SQUARE BLOWS ITS TOP.

THE AIR BECOMES A SEARING INCANDESCENT CLOUD, UNFIT FOR HUMAN LUNGS. UNSUPPORTIVE OF HUMAN LIFE.



SO SIMPLE,
SO ELEGANT.
THIS COM-
PUTERIZED
SYSTEM FOR
DESTRUCTION.

I HAVE MADE
THE MACHINE...
BUT I CANNOT
TOUCH IT NOR
CONTROL IT!
UNLESS...

THERE IS A WAY,
A TERRIBLE CHANCE
...I WILL LOSE ALL.
MY INTEGRITY AS A
DEMON. MY FLESH.
MY BLOOD. MY SOUL.

AND YET... WHAT
A BRILLIANT GAIN
WILL BE MINE!
POWER...
ULTIMATE
POWER.

S'YM RISES, EAGER
TO RENEW THE
CONFLICT. TO
ACCEPT DEFEAT
AT HIS HANDS IS
UNTHINKABLE
AND YET...



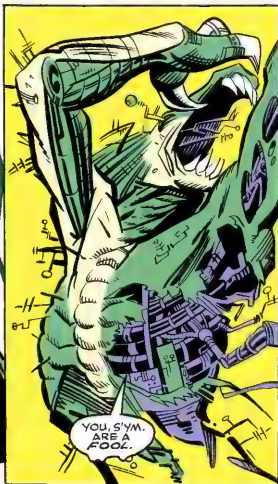
GIVE IT UP,
N'ASTIRH. YOU
GOT DEFEAT
COMIN' ONE
TOUCH... AN' THE
TECHNO-ORGANIC
VIRUS WILL
TRANSFORM
YOU...



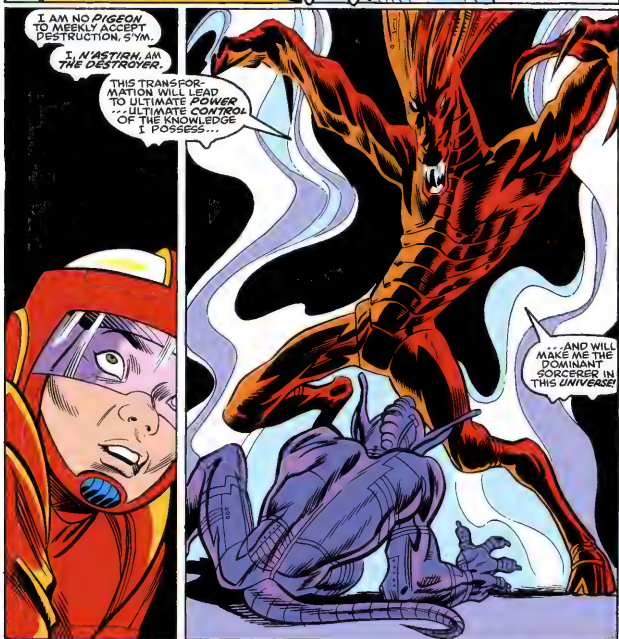
...SO S'YM
CAN ABSORB YOU...
DEVOUR YOU, LIKE
THE POWER-PLUMP
PIGEON YOU ARE!

DEVOUR
ME?

I THINK NOT!
I GRASP
VICTORY... NOT
DEFEAT!



YOU, S'YM,
ARE A
FOOL.





BY THE FORCE OF MY
MAGICK, THE COM-
PUTER BECOMES A
LIVING, ORGANIC
ENTITY.



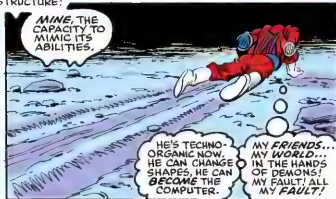
OH, NO.
HE'S FOUND
A WAY TO
TOUCH THE
COMPUTER...
TO CONTROL
IT HIMSELF.



BY THE POWERS
OF MY TOUCH, IT
BECOMES A THING
OF LIVING
CIRCUITS...

...WHOSE
LIFE ENERGY,
AND POTENTIAL,
I ABSORB INTO
MYSELF!

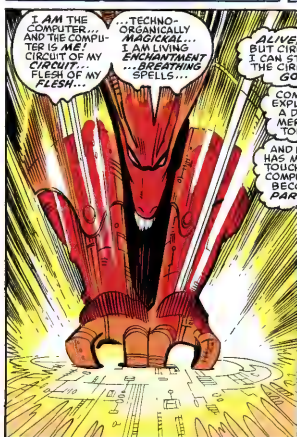
MINE WILL
BE THE
KNOWLEDGE
OF ITS
STRUCTURE!



MINE, THE
CAPACITY TO
MIMIC ITS
ABILITIES.

HE'S TECHNO-
ORGANIC NOW.
HE CAN CHANGE
SHAPE. HE CAN
BECOME THE
COMPUTER.

MY FRIENDS...
MY WORLD...
IN THE HANDS
OF DEMONS!
MY FAULT! ALL
MY FAULT!



I AM THE
COMPUTER...
AND THE COM-
PUTER IS ME!
CIRCUIT OF MY
CIRCUIT...
FLESH OF MY
FLESH...

...TECHNO-
ORGANICALLY
MAGICKAL...
I AM LIVING
ENCHANTMENT
...BREATHING
SPELLS...

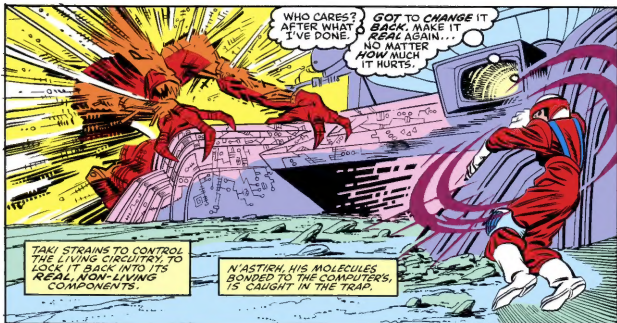
ALIVE YEAH...
BUT CIRCUITS, TOO!
I CAN STILL AFFECT
THE CIRCUITS! I'VE
GOT TO!

COMPUTERS
EXPLODE AT
A DEMON'S
MEREST
TOUCH.

AND N'ASTIRH
HAS MORE THAN
TOUCHED THE
COMPUTER. HE'S
BECOME A
PART OF IT.



BUT IF I USE
MY POWER TO
CHANGE THE
COMPUTER BACK
TO NORMAL...
IT'LL EXPLODE.
WHAT'LL THAT
DO TO ME?



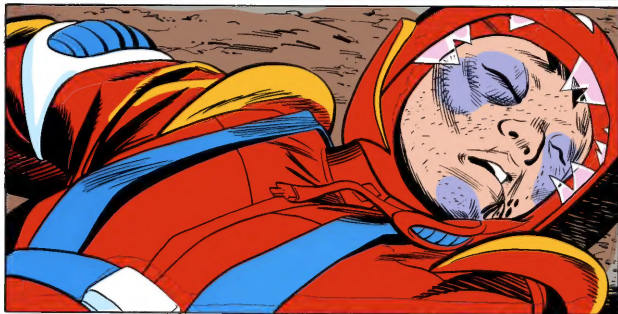
LORD
N'ASTIRH
IS GONE!

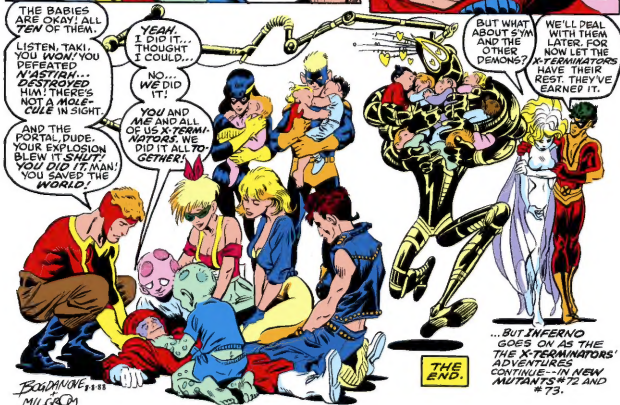
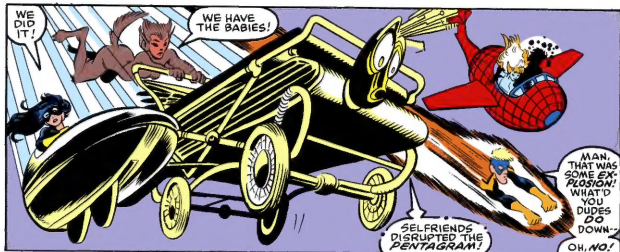
PENTAGRAM
IS GONE!

PORTAL
SHUT!
DESTROYED!

NO MORE
DEMONS ENTER
EARTH FROM
LIMBO.

HOW
WE GET
HOME?





BADAMORE
MILGRAM

MINUTEMEN



Syl3nt Bob